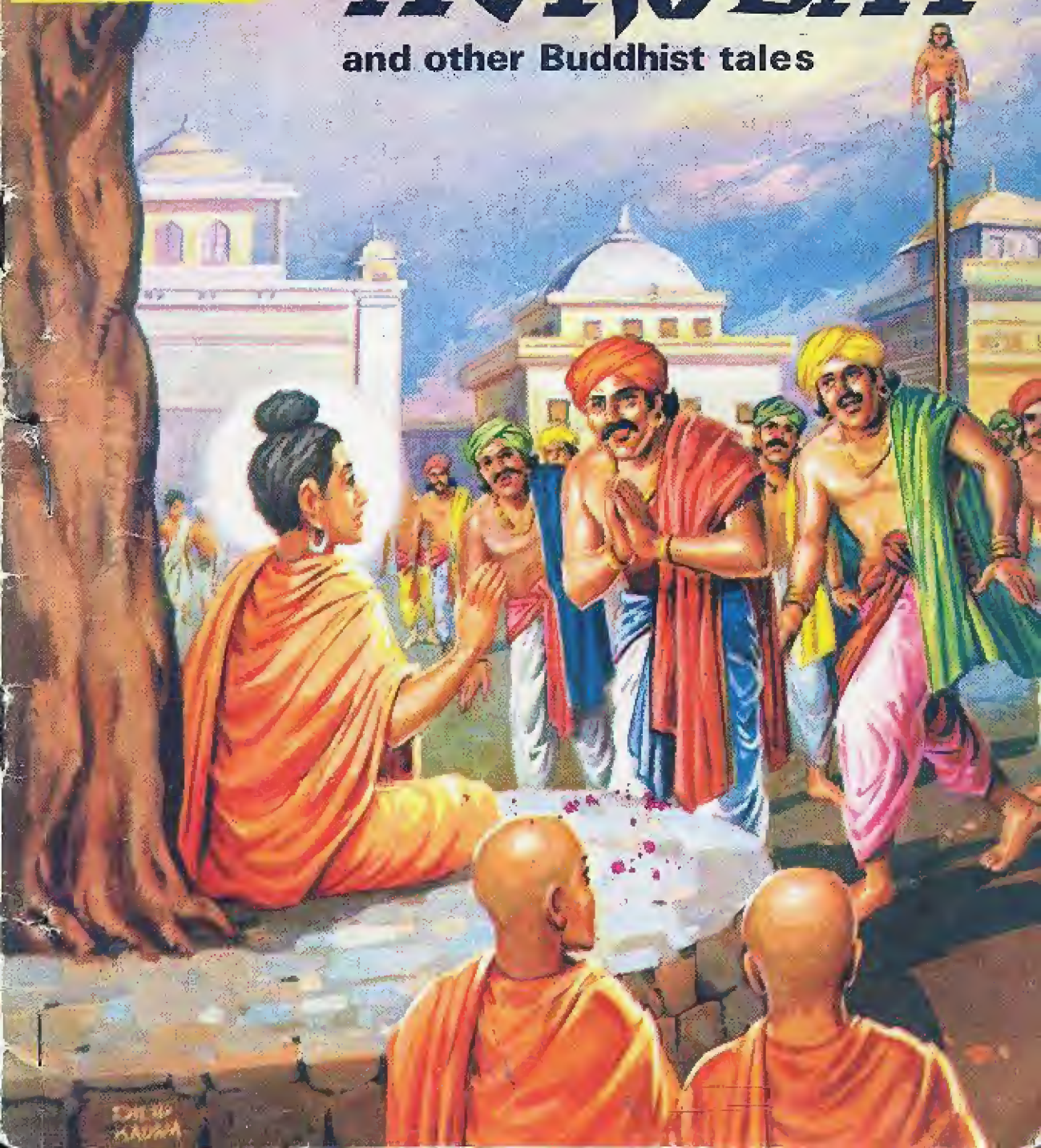




No. 314 Rs. 2.00

# THE ACROBAT

and other Buddhist tales





# THE ACROBAT

THE CITY OF RAJAGRIHA WAS BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT.



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, RAJAGRIHA JUBILANTLY WELCOMED ITS VISITORS.

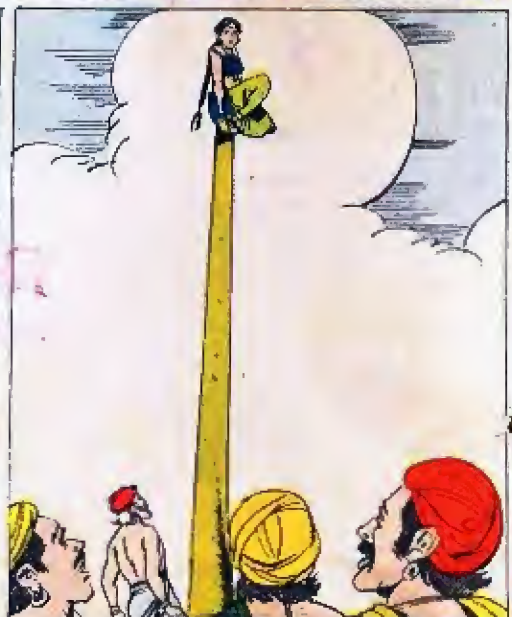




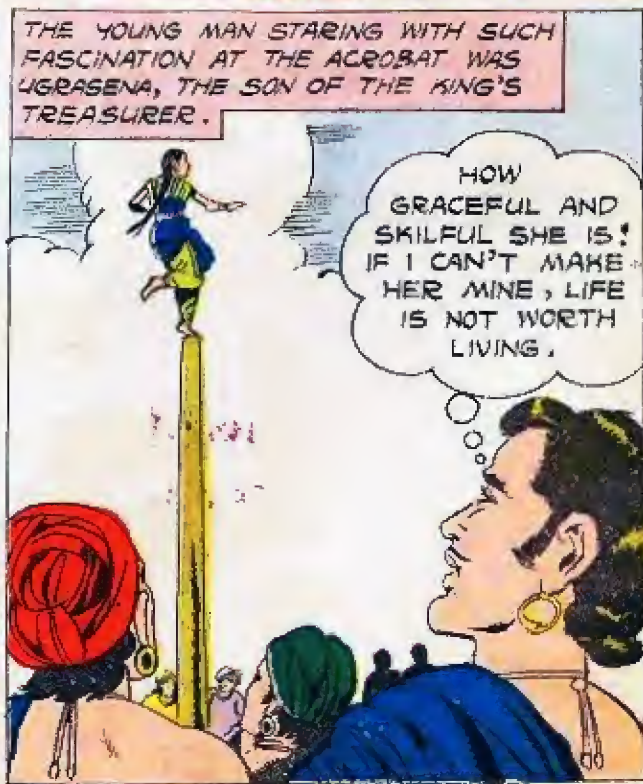
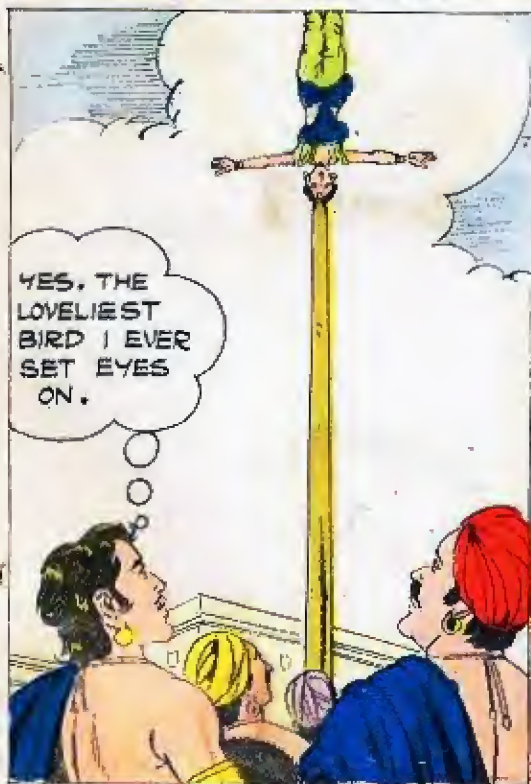
CROWDS GATHERED...



...AND THOSE AT THE VERY BACK STOOD ON THEIR TOES TO GET A BETTER VIEW.







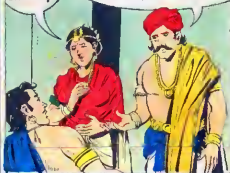
UGRASENA WENT HOME AND FLUNG HIMSELF ON HIS BED.

FATHER, MOTHER—I WANT TO MARRY THE ACROBAT WE SAW TODAY. IF I CAN'T MARRY HER, I SHALL STARVE MYSELF TO DEATH.



MY DEAR SON, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

WHAT CAN YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH AN ACROBAT? WE WILL FIND YOU A GIRL... ONE WORTHY OF YOU...

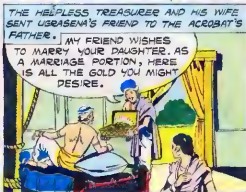


IT'S HER OR NONE!! I SHALL NOT EVEN LOOK AT ANOTHER GIRL.



THE HELPLESS TREASURER AND HIS WIFE SENT UGRASENA'S FRIEND TO THE ACROBAT'S FATHER.

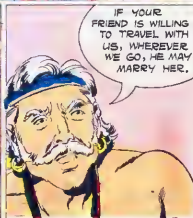
MY FRIEND WISHES TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER. AS A MARRIAGE PORTION, HERE IS ALL THE GOLD YOU MIGHT DESIRE.



FOR SHAME! ARE YOU ASKING ME TO SELL MY DAUGHTER?



IF YOUR FRIEND IS WILLING TO TRAVEL WITH US, WHEREVER WE GO, HE MAY MARRY HER.



THE TREASURER AND HIS WIFE WERE SHOCKED TO HEAR THIS.

SON,  
SURELY YOU WILL  
NOT LEAVE US TO  
GO TRAVELLING WITH  
AN ACROBAT!

I WILL,  
FOR SHE MEANS  
EVERYTHING TO  
ME NOW.

SO USGRASEVA MARRIED THE ACROBAT...

...AND JOINED THE TROUPE.



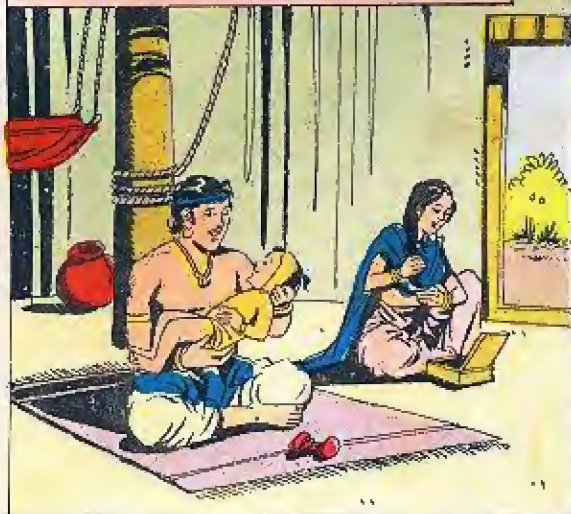
BEING THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE TROUPE UNSKILLED IN  
ACROBATICS, HE MADE HIMSELF USEFUL IN OTHER WAYS...



...AND WAS CONTENT WITH HIS SIMPLE LIFE.



SOON, A SON WAS BORN TO THEM.

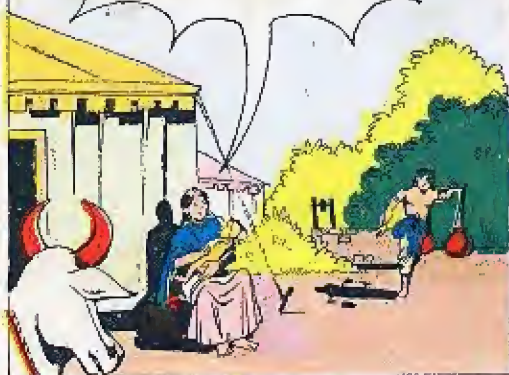


HIS WIFE SPENT ALL HER TIME BETWEEN SHOWS WITH THE BABY.

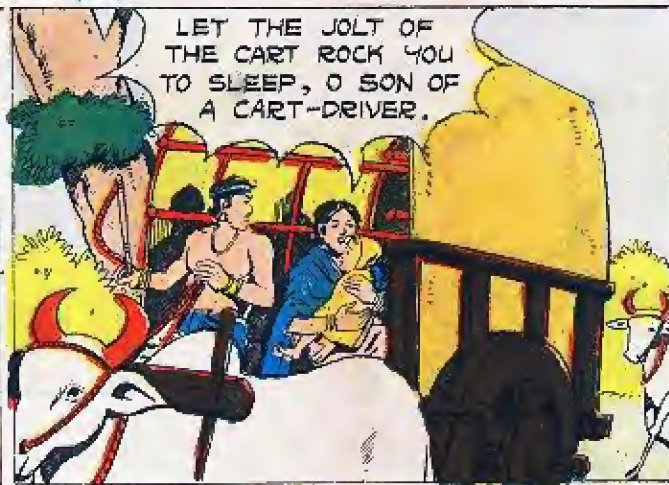


I'LL ROCK YOU  
IN MY ARMS, O SON OF  
A WOOD-FETCHER.

CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND SLEEP, O SON OF  
A WATER-CARRIER.



LET THE JOLT OF  
THE CART ROCK YOU  
TO SLEEP, O SON OF  
A CART-DRIVER.



WOMAN, ARE  
YOU REFERRING  
TO ME, WHEN  
YOU SING THOSE  
SONGS?

YES...  
I AM.



YOU ARE TRIFLING  
WITH ME. I SHALL  
LEAVE YOU, AND  
GO AWAY.

DO AS  
YOU THINK  
BEST.







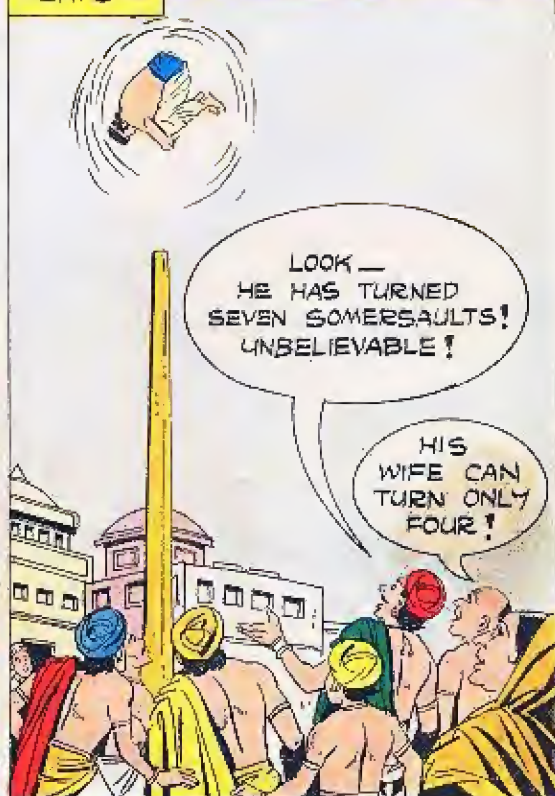
UGRASENA WENT TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW,



UGRASENA MADE RAPID PROGRESS IN HIS NEW PROFESSION AND SOON —



WHEN UGRASENA DISPLAYED HIS FEATS —



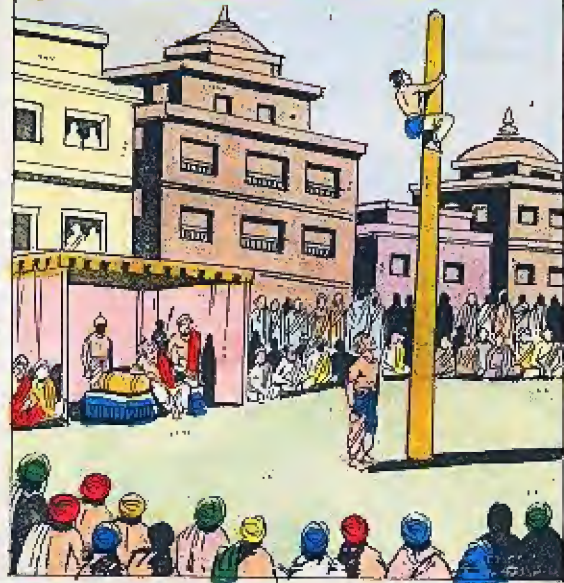


SOON AT RAJAGRIHA, NEWS SPREAD THAT THE ACROBATS WERE RETURNING AND, WITH THEM, THE TREASURER'S SON.

ON THE APPOINTED DAY, THE ENTIRE CITY GATHERED IN THE SQUARE TO WATCH UGRASENA PERFORM.

IT SEEMS UGRASENA WILL PERFORM THE FEAT OF TURNING FOURTEEN SOMERSAULTS IN THE AIR!

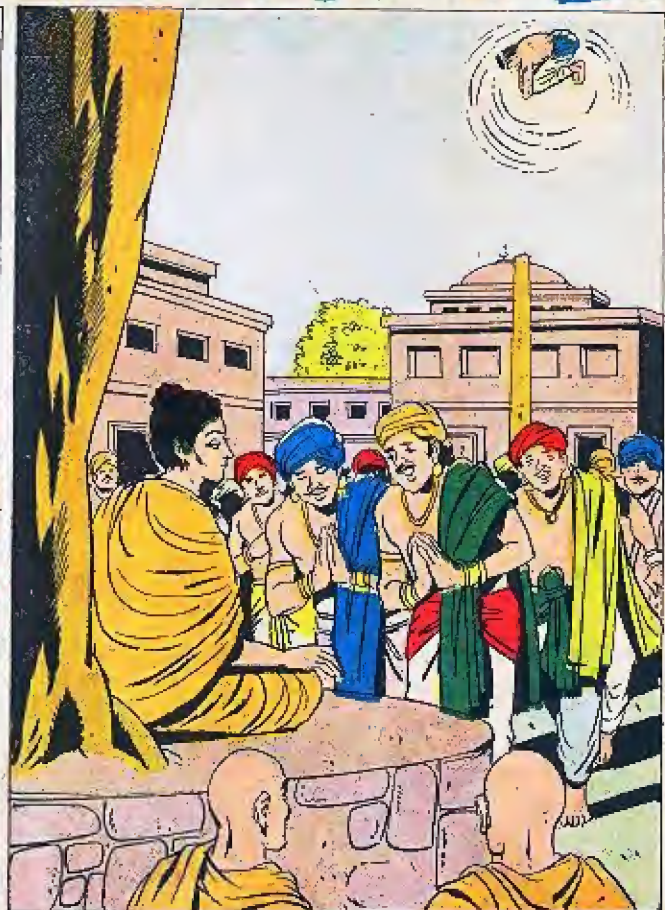
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU ARE JOKING!



JUST AS HE TURNED THE FIRST SOMERSAULT —

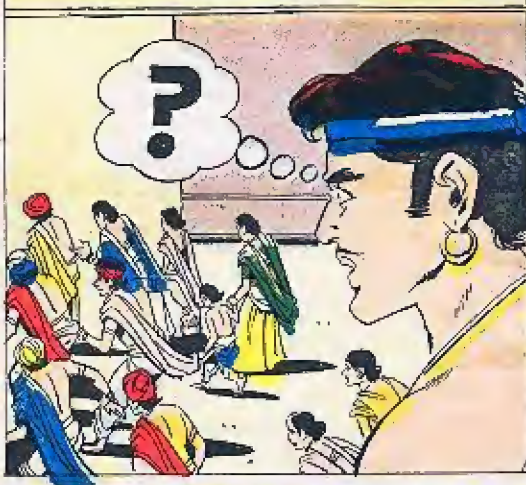


LOOK! THE HOLY TEACHER!





WHEN HE CAME BACK TO POSITION —



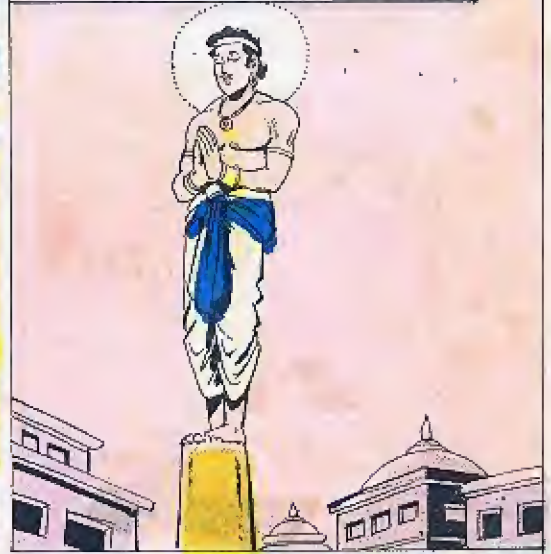
IT... IT IS  
BUDDHA!



AS UGRASENA GAZED AT BUDDHA...

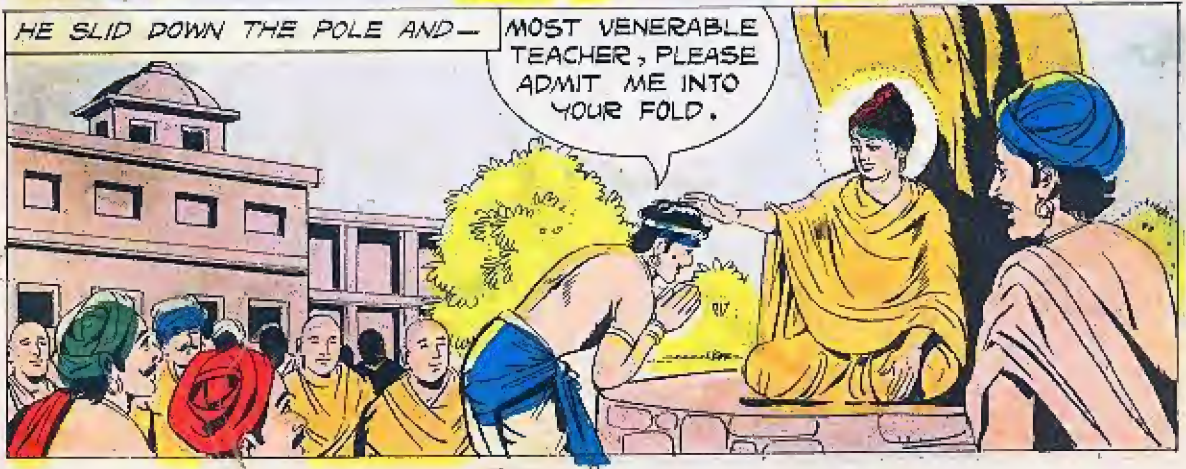


...A CHANGE CAME OVER HIM.



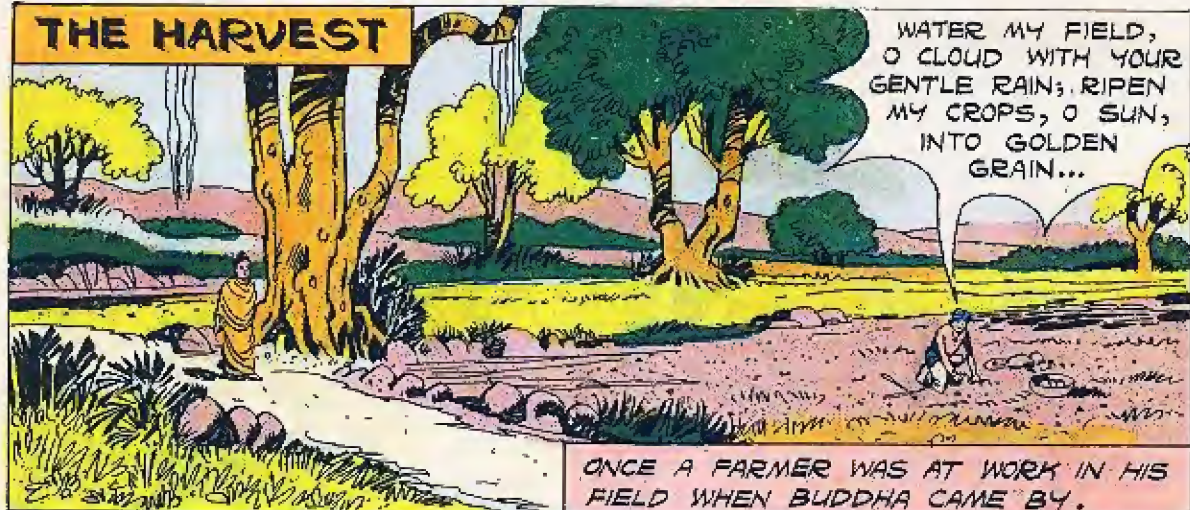
HE SLID DOWN THE POLE AND —

MOST VENERABLE  
TEACHER, PLEASE  
ADMIT ME INTO  
YOUR FOLD.

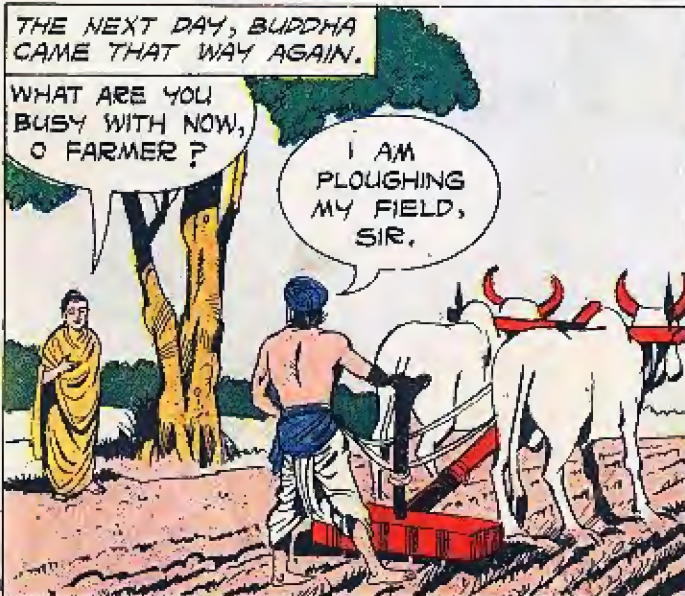
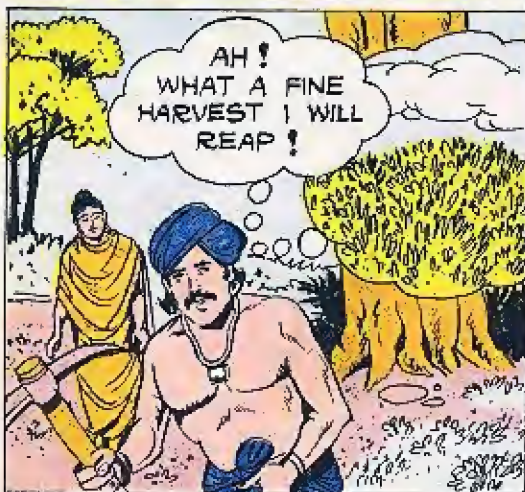




# THE HARVEST



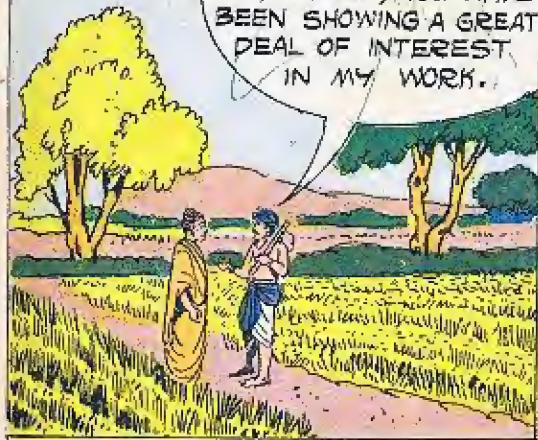
ONCE A FARMER WAS AT WORK IN HIS FIELD WHEN BUDDHA CAME BY.





THEN ONE DAY—

SIR, I FIND THAT FROM THE DAY I BEGAN TO CLEAR MY FIELD, YOU HAVE BEEN SHOWING A GREAT DEAL OF INTEREST IN MY WORK.



SO WHEN MY CROP IS HARVESTED, I AM GOING TO SHARE IT WITH YOU.



FOR, YOU ARE NOW MY PARTNER.



THE DAYS PASSED AND THE FARMER'S CROPS RIPENED.

I SHALL CALL IN THE REAPERS TOMORROW.



BUT THAT NIGHT, BLACK CLOUDS GATHERED...



...THUNDER AND LIGHTNING RENT THE SKY...





...AND A RAGING STORM BROKE OUT.



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE FARMER HURRIED TO HIS FIELD —



AND I HAVE PROMISED A SHARE TO MY PARTNER !



THE GRIEF-STRIKEN FARMER RETURNED HOME AND TOOK TO HIS BED.



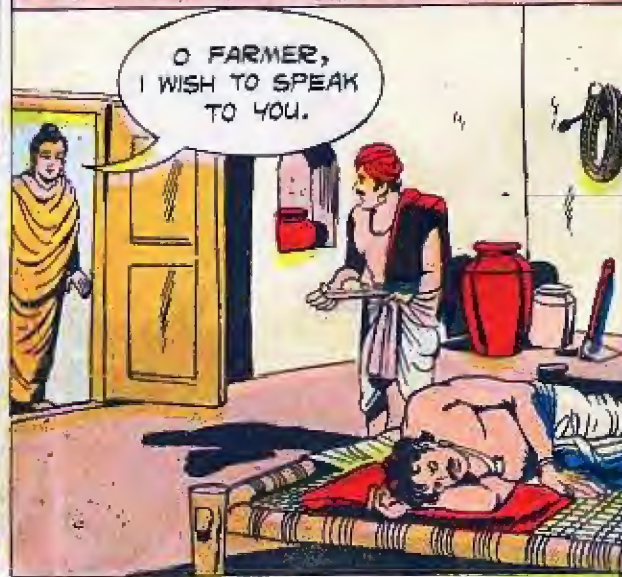
MASTER, JUST A MOUTHFUL OF FOOD...

NO— TAKE IT AWAY. I WILL NOT EAT.



JUST THEN, BUDDHA ARRIVED THERE.

O FARMER, I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU.





THE FARMER SLOWLY ROSE AND  
CAME TO SIT BY BUDDHA.

TELL ME WHY  
YOU GRIEVE,  
O FARMER.

LAST  
NIGHT'S STORM  
DESTROYED  
MY CROP...



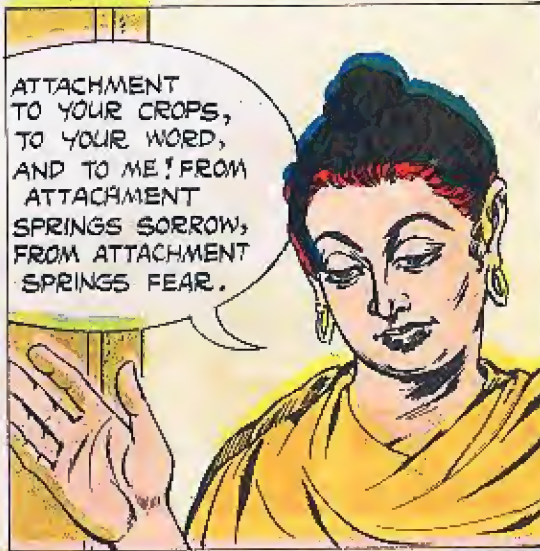
...AND I CANNOT  
KEEP MY WORD  
TO YOU.



YOU WOULD NOT GRIEVE  
THUS, IF YOU KNEW  
WHAT YOUR SORROW  
SPRINGS FROM. IT IS  
FROM ATTACHMENT,  
O FARMER.



ATTACHMENT  
TO YOUR CROPS,  
TO YOUR WORD,  
AND TO ME! FROM  
ATTACHMENT  
SPRINGS SORROW,  
FROM ATTACHMENT  
SPRINGS FEAR.



HE WHO IS  
FREE FROM  
ATTACHMENT IS  
FREE OF THE  
BURDEN OF  
BOTH SORROW  
AND FEAR.



I HAVE  
UNDERSTOOD,  
O VENERABLE  
ONE.





# THE GOLDEN MAIDEN

IN THE TOWN OF SRAVASTI LIVED YOUNG HUMARA. HE WAS THE SON OF RICH PARENTS AND HE HAD COME OF AGE.

SON, YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO BE MARRIED. WE SHALL CHOOSE A GOOD, BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR YOU AND...

FATHER, I DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED.

BUT THE OLD COUPLE DID NOT GIVE UP. EVERY ONCE IN A WAY, THEY PUT THE QUESTION TO HIM AGAIN. AT LAST...

THEY WILL NOT TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER.

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO AGREE BUT MAKE SURE THAT THEY WON'T FIND THE GIRL FOR ME.

THE YOUNG MAN GOT SKILLED ARTISANS TO CARVE A GOLDEN IMAGE OF MATCHLESS BEAUTY. THEN—

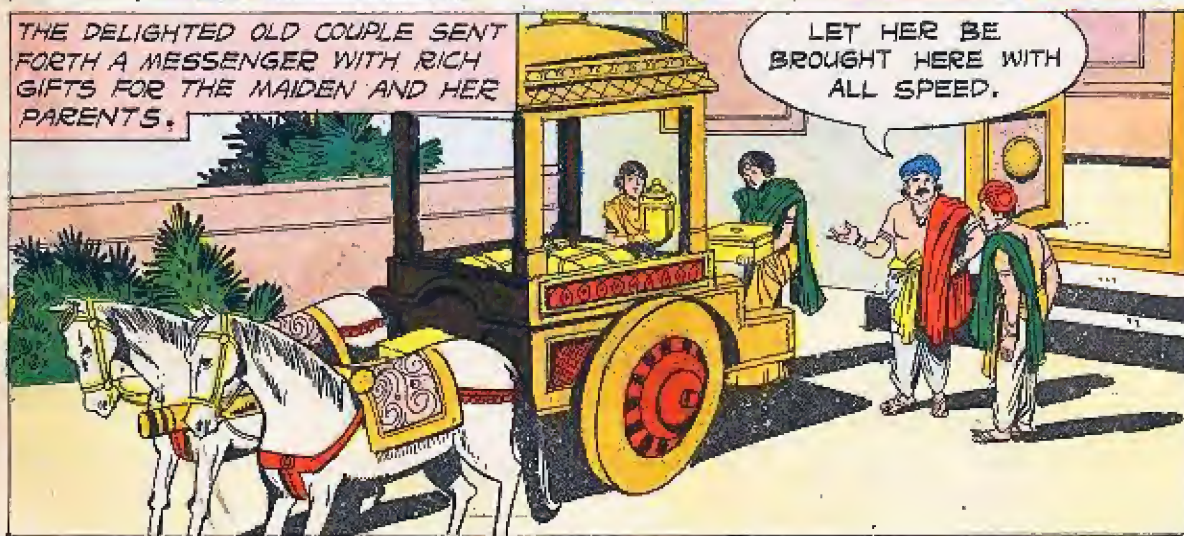
MOTHER!  
FATHER! I WILL MARRY BUT...

...ONLY ONE SUCH AS THIS!





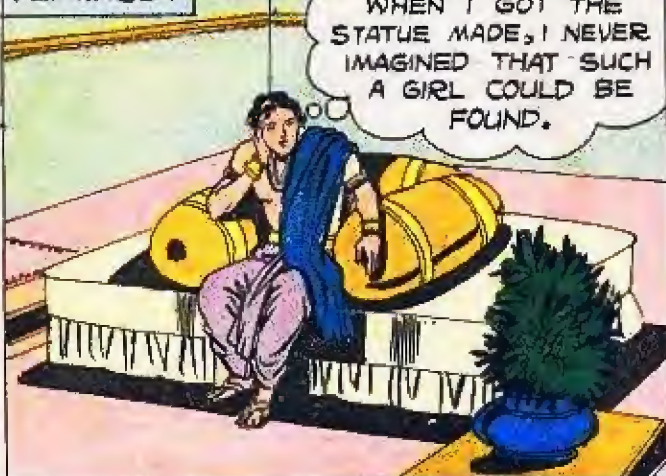
THE DELIGHTED OLD COUPLE SENT FORTH A MESSENGER WITH RICH GIFTS FOR THE MAIDEN AND HER PARENTS.





KUMARA RECEIVED THE NEWS WITH MIXED FEELINGS.

WHEN I GOT THE STATUE MADE, I NEVER IMAGINED THAT SUCH A GIRL COULD BE FOUND.



BUT NOW THAT SHE IS FOUND, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HER!



THEY SAY THAT COMPARED WITH THE IMAGE...



...SHE IS FAR, FAR LOVELIER! I CANNOT EVEN IMAGINE THE EXTENT OF HER BEAUTY!

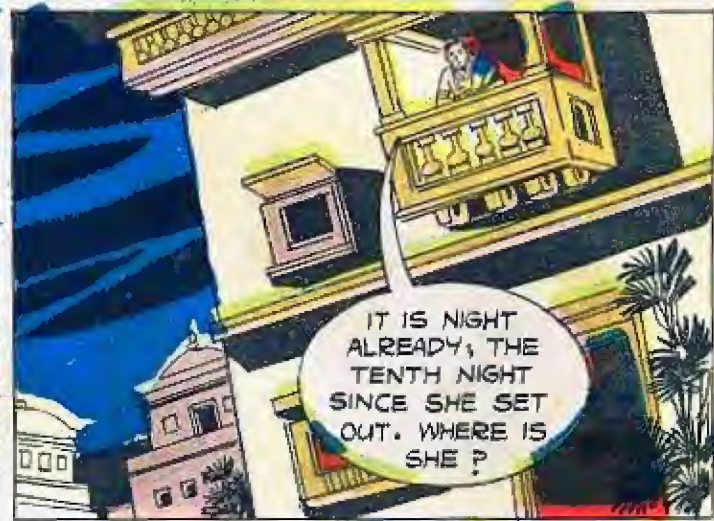
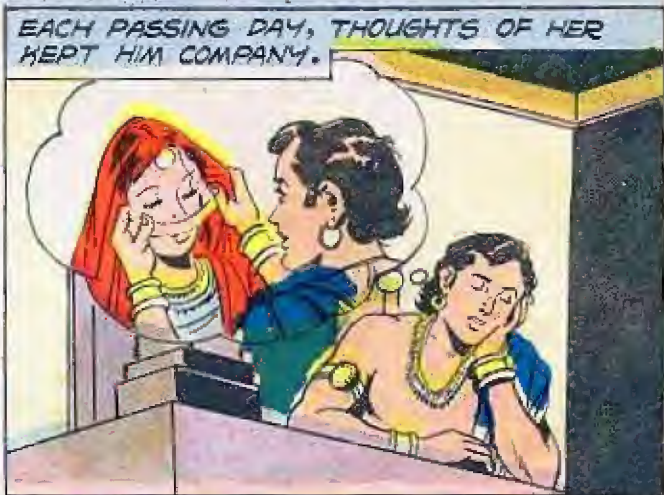


HE IMPATIENTLY AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF THE GIRL.

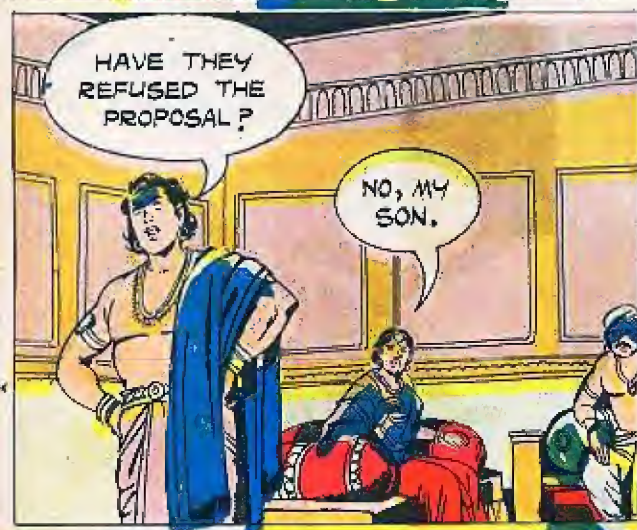
IS THAT HER CARRIAGE?

















ARISE,  
YOUTHFUL  
ONE.

WHAT IS THIS  
SORROW THAT  
AFFLICTS  
YOU ?

HOLY SIR, A WOMAN  
DIED ON THE ROAD  
AND...

...AND  
THE NEWS HAS  
FILLED ME WITH  
UNBEARABLE  
GRIEF.

SHE WAS THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON  
EARTH, SHE WAS  
THE WOMAN I WAS  
TO MARRY.

O KUMARA,  
YOU DO NOT GRIEVE  
BECAUSE A WOMAN  
DIED.

UN...?



YOU GRIEVE  
BECAUSE THE WOMAN  
YOU DESIRED  
DIED .



FROM DESIRE SPRINGS SORROW;  
FROM DESIRE SPRINGS FEAR.  
HE THAT IS FREE FROM DESIRE  
NEITHER SORROWS NOR FEARS.



AND KUMARA PROSTRATED  
HIMSELF BEFORE BUDDHA,  
AS THE TEACHER'S  
CALMNESS ENVELOPED  
HIS OWN HEART .





# BUDDHA AND KRISHA GAUTAMI

HE HAS NOT  
WOKEN UP FOR  
HOURS. HE MUST  
BE VERY ILL  
INDEED.

ONCE, IN THE TOWN OF SRAVASTI, A WOMAN  
WAS SITTING BY HER CHILD'S BED.

HOW IS  
THE CHILD,  
GAUTAMI?

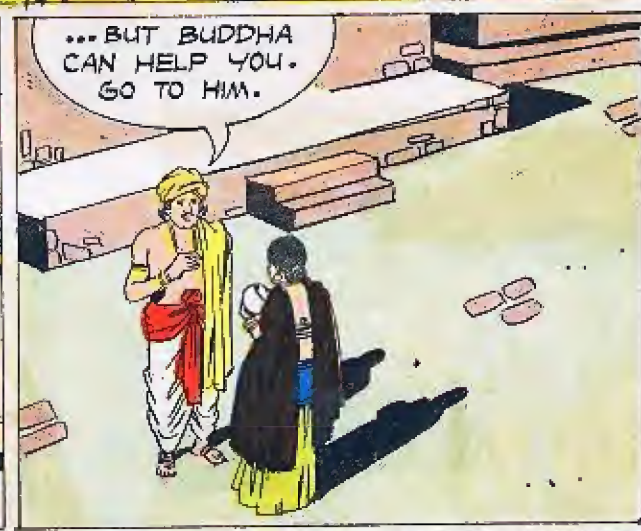
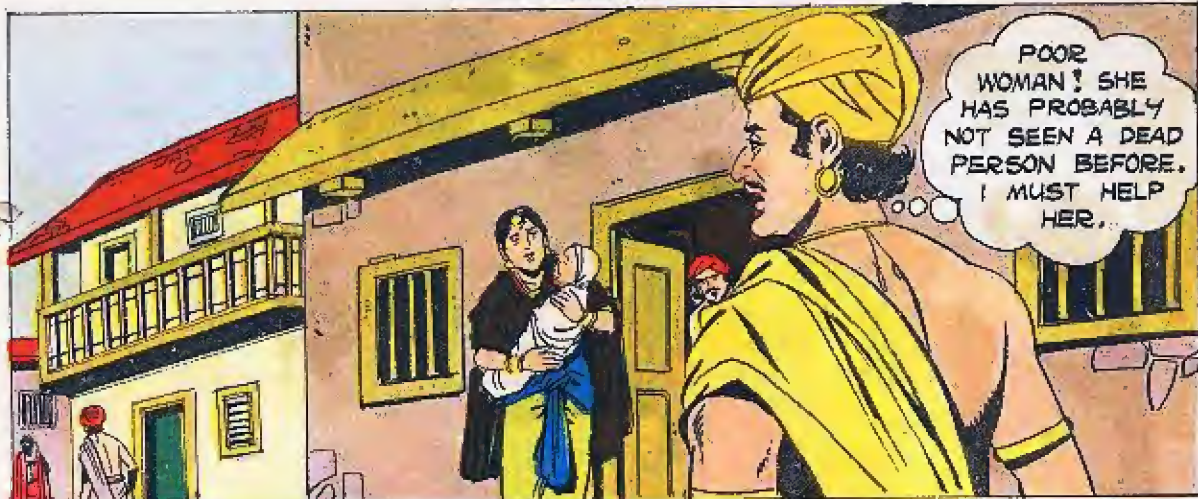
THE MAN WAS KRISHA  
GAUTAMI'S HUSBAND  
AND THE FATHER  
OF THE CHILD.

OH, GOD! NO! HE  
IS DEAD.









FULL OF HOPE, KRISHA GAUTAMI AT ONCE WENT TO THE SACRED GROVE OF BUDDHA.

MY NAME IS KRISHA GAUTAMI, VENERABLE ONE. I WAS TOLD THAT YOU COULD CURE MY SON. SO I HAVE COME TO YOU.





BUDDHA LOOKED AT THE CHILD AND SMILED.



THEN —



GO, FETCH ME  
A FEW MUSTARD SEEDS  
FROM A HOUSE THAT  
HAS NEVER KNOWN  
DEATH.

KRISHNA GAUTAMI SET OUT ON HER  
QUEST.



YES;  
WHAT IS  
IT?

MOTHER, CAN  
YOU GIVE ME  
A FEW MUSTARD  
SEEDS?

THE WOMAN WENT IN AND BROUGHT  
THE SEEDS.



HERE YOU  
ARE.

THANK YOU,  
MOTHER.



I TRUST THIS HOUSE  
HAS NEVER KNOWN  
DEATH.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
SAYING, GOOD  
WOMAN?



WE THAT ARE LIVING  
ARE FEW, COMPARED  
WITH THOSE THAT  
HAVE DIED  
HERE.

THEN PLEASE  
TAKE BACK THESE  
MUSTARD SEEDS, FOR  
I HAVE NO USE  
FOR THEM.



KRISHA GAUTAMI WENT ON HER QUEST FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE,  
BUT EVERYWHERE IT WAS THE SAME. EVERY HOUSE HAD KNOWN DEATH  
AND EVERY DEAD BODY HAD BEEN BURNT TO ASHES.

...I LOST MY  
DAUGHTER...



...MY  
BROTHER  
DIED LAST  
YEAR...



THEY HAVE TAKEN  
MY OLD FATHER TO THE  
CREMATION GROUND TO  
BE BURNT...



SO THOSE THAT  
ARE DEAD CAN NEVER  
BE CURED, AFTER  
ALL.



AH,  
WHAT A VAIN  
SEARCH WAS  
MINE!





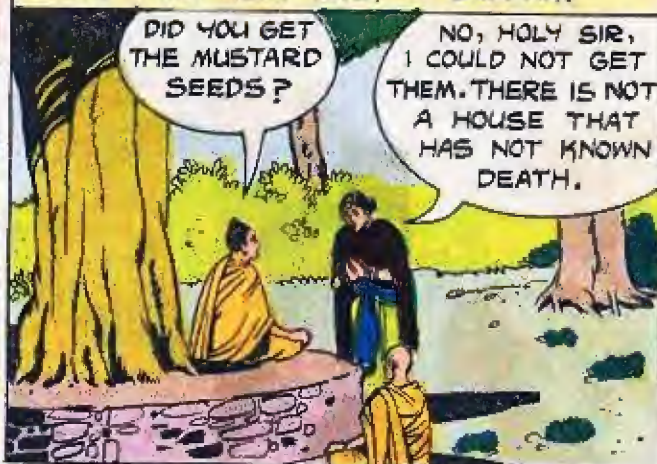
KRISHA GAUTAMI WENT TO THE FOREST, LAID HER CHILD UPON A CARPET OF FALLEN LEAVES AND FLOWERS...



... AND THEN WENT BACK TO BUDDHA.

DID YOU GET THE MUSTARD SEEDS?

NO, HOLY SIR, I COULD NOT GET THEM. THERE IS NOT A HOUSE THAT HAS NOT KNOWN DEATH.



O KRISHA GAUTAMI, IT IS NOT YOU ALONE WHO HAVE LOST A CHILD TO DEATH.



I HAVE REALIZED THAT, O VENERABLE BUDDHA. ADMIT ME INTO YOUR ORDER.

I ACCEPT YOU, KRISHA GAUTAMI.



KRISHA GAUTAMI WAS ADMITTED INTO BUDDHA'S FOLD.



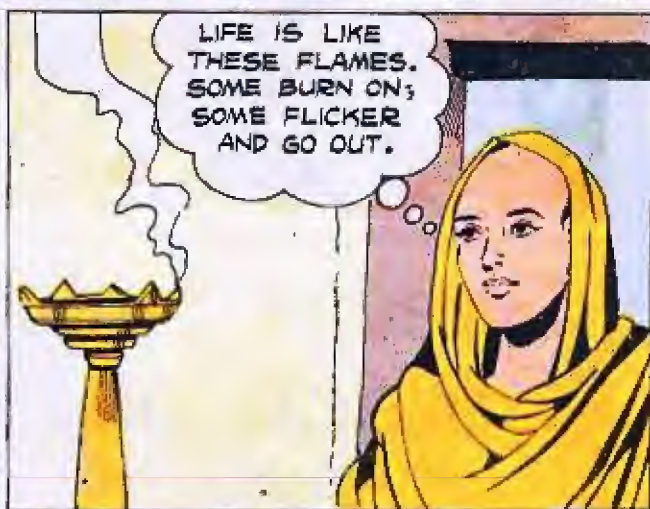
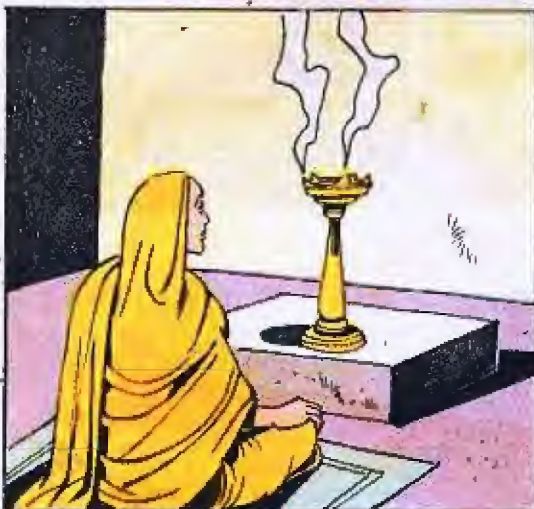
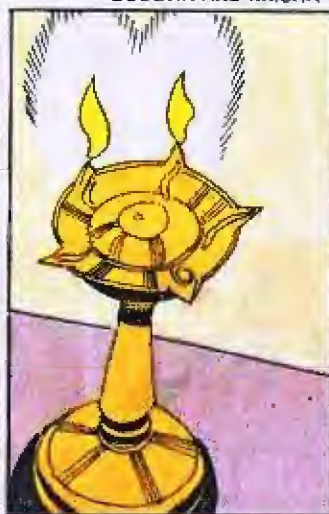
ONE DAY, WHEN IT WAS HER TURN, SHE LIT THE LAMP...



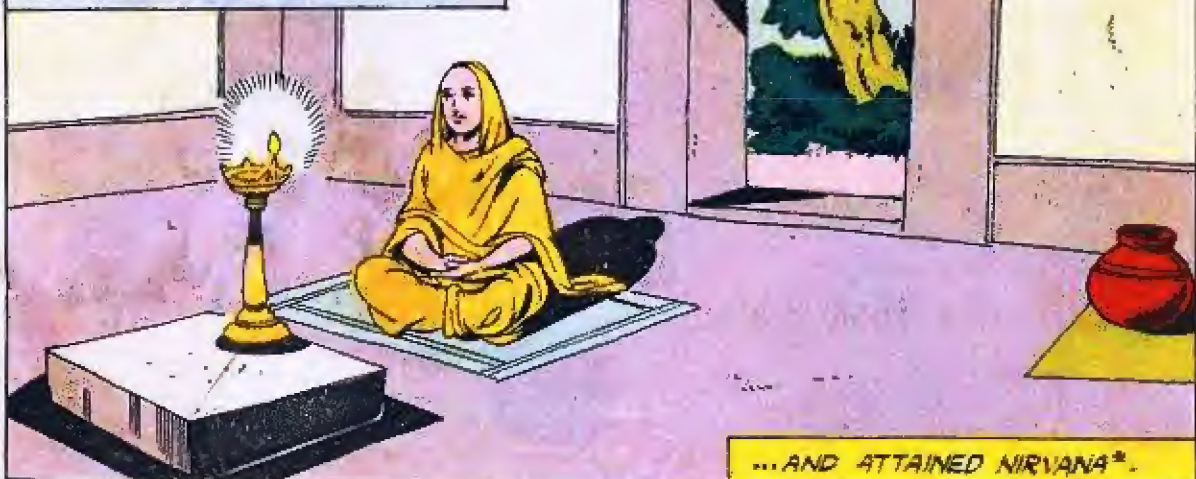
...AND SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF IT.







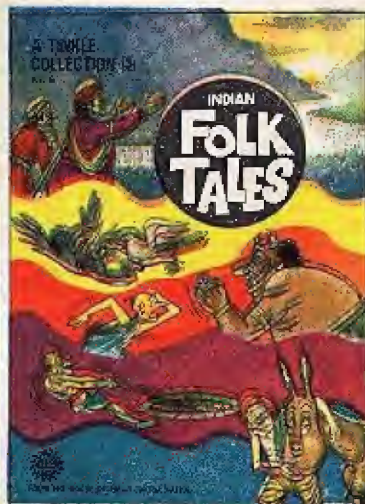
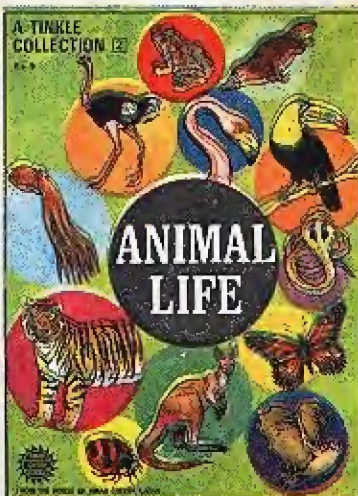
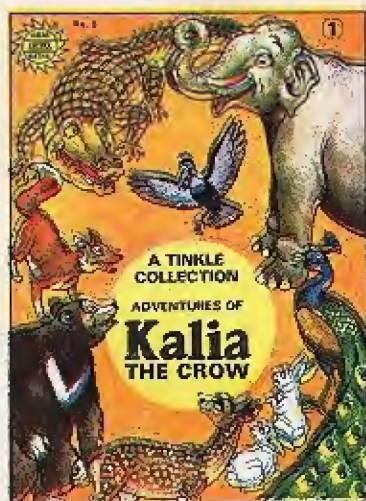
KRISHA GAUTAMI CONTINUED TO MEDITATE WITH HER EYES FIXED ON THE FLAME OF THE LAMP...



...AND ATTAINED NIRVANA\*



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